And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
*I*ohn Duke of Norffolke, *T*homas Earle of *S*urrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
*T*hey thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
*S*hall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
*T*his and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
*T*his found *I* on my tent this morning.

Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister, is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keep the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His oration to his armie.*
What shall I say more then *I* haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
*T*o desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in *B*rittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of meanes poore rats had hangd themselues.

*I*f we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands? lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right *G*entlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
*S*pur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
*W*hat saies Lord *S*tanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My *L*ord, he doth denie to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My *L*ord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let *G*eorge Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *G*eorge
*I*nspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helmes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my *L*ord of Norfolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *R*ichmond in the throate of death,
Rescew faire *L*ord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my *L*ord, ile helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slaue *I* haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the day,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue *I* slaine to day, in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight. Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne with other Lords.

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious Richmõd, wel hast thou acquit thee, Loe